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found it necessary to depend on the superior talents and industry of others, applied to him, but too late for any serious attention to be given to the subject; Burke, whose ideas were now nearly exhausted by the multiplicity of applications to which he had already acceded, wished to get some hints from the boy himself, but by all his inqui-

ries could discover nothing that appeared to have interested his thoughts but a fat piper in a brown coat. The young poet therefore wrote a string of verses beginning thus:

Piper erat fatus, qui brownum tegmen habebat, and continued it in the same style through a series of lines.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

### THE SLAUGHTER OF CARMEN.

A BALLAD.

"CARMEN is now called Mullimast, or Mullach Mastean, the moat of decapitation. It takes its present name from the base conduct of some adventurers in the sixteenth century, who, having over-run much of the neighbouring country, were resisted by some Irish chieftains, who had properties on the Queen's-county side of the Barrow. The adventurers proposed an amicable conference to be held at Carmen; it was acceded to. On the Kalends of January (New-year's-day) in the nineteenth of Elizabeth, the gentlemen of the Queen's-county side of the Barrow, then the boundary of the pale, repaired to Carmen, as to an amicable conference, when they were surrounded by three lines of horse and foot, and not one survived. Thirty years since a hole was showed, where, it was said, the heads of the victims were buried; at that period it was twenty feet deep, it is now nearly closed. The successful assassins took possession of the properties of the unfortunate gentlemen, and the barony bears the name of Slieve Mauge, or the Mountains of Mourning. In such detestation is that act held by the country people, that they believe a descendant from the murderers never saw his son arrive at the age of twenty-one. Indeed the properties, so acquired, have melted away, and got into other hands."

*Rawson's sur. co. Kildare*

"O WHITHER, whither do ye go?  
Why are your steeds so sleek and trim?  
While your embroider'd mantles flow,  
In graceful folds o'er every limb.  
BELFAST MAG. NO. XI.

Your mothers, wives and sisters fair,  
These mantles form'd so rich and gay;  
For cost and skill they scorn'd to spare,  
To deck you for the holiday.

Forgive an old man's anxious fear,  
My heart forebodes a day of wo!  
Behold yon Raven hovering near,  
O whither, whither do ye go?"

"O Patrick of the woody glen,  
Whom much we honour, more we love,  
Who sees, with Wisdom's sharpen'd ken,  
The secret snare by malice wove.

These snaves no more our paths infest,  
We go to form the friendly band,  
With confidence to arm the breast,  
And yield to plighted faith the hand.

In open warfare long our arms  
The intruding Strangers have withstood;  
But now secure from war's alarms,  
We cross the Barrow's silver flood.

The Rath on Carmen rises fair,  
Thither our willing course we bend,  
The strangers wait our presence there,  
To hail us by the name of Friend.

Hence Peace shall bless the new-born year,  
Our herds and flocks secure shall stray,  
Our harvests wave the golden ear,  
Our maids and youths again be gay.

O Patrick of the woody glen,  
Call not this day a day of wo,  
When men shall meet their fellow men,  
And ancient feuds for aye forego!"

But Patrick bent his hoary head,  
On earth he cast his mournful eyes,  
And bitter were the tears he shed,  
And bitter were his deep drawn sighs.

"O pride of Barrow's smiling shore,  
Gay lords of many a fertile plain,  
O turn your steps—or never more,  
You greet your native shades again.

Methinks I see the bloody skean,\*  
Methinks I hear the dying groan,

\*The long Irish knife, or dagger.

With traiterous guile your foes convene,  
To make your fertile fields their own.  
And must your generous bosoms bleed,  
Which scorn'd a treacherous art to know?  
And was this fate for you decreed?  
O turn—to Carmen, do not go!"

"Oft have we listen'd to thy lore,  
And oft shall seek thy counsel sage,  
But now forbear to urge us more,  
Thou man of wisdom and of age.  
Let not thy pure, benignant soul  
The pain of dire Suspicion know;  
Permit not her aspersions foul  
To stain "the brave, repenting foe."†

"Soon shalt thou see these shadows fly  
Before fair Candour's beaming ray!"  
But Patrick veil'd his streaming eye,  
And turn'd in silent grief away.

And now advanc'd the impatient steeds,  
And bore their gallant lords along;  
The fearless breast no danger heeds,  
The guiltless heart forebodes no wrong.

And Barrow roll'd his silver tide,  
Bright sparkling in the solar ray,  
No sanguine stain his waters dyed,  
No clouds obscur'd the golden day.

The Rath on Carmen rises fair,  
"But why in arms the friendly band?"  
Why rang'd in martial order there!  
Why does the weapon fill each hand?

These hands, these eyes with scowling ken  
Their purpose dire too well explain!  
O Patrick of the woody glen,  
Why was thy warning heard in vain?

The embroider'd mantle, roll'd in blood,  
Flows graceful o'er the limbs no more,  
Nor e'er shall cross his silver flood,  
The pride of Barrow's smiling shore.

The pit is fram'd with ruffian speed,  
The pit is dreary, dark and deep,  
Fram'd to receive each gallant head  
In cold oblivion there to sleep.

The mothers, wives and sisters fair,  
Who anxious watch'd the setting day,  
The dainty banquet now prepare,  
And now accuse the long delay.

Ye beauteous ladies, leave your homes,  
Some safer shelter haste to find,  
For lo! the cruel spoiler comes,  
And Rapine has to Murder join'd.

They seize upon these wider domains,  
The flocks, the herds their prey is made,  
Grim terror rules the subject plains,  
And with reluctance is obey'd.

The stain of honour, manhood's shame,  
For Carmen's Rath was this decreed!

† Anna Seward.

While Mullimast, ill-fated name,  
Records the base, the bloody deed!  
The Mountains, which aspiring fair,  
Smiled on the dewy vales below,  
The title now of mourning bear,  
As conscious of the voice of wo.

But vengeance comes—if slow, yet sure,  
Her step pursues the band unblest,  
And conscience bids these pangs endure,  
Which rob the blood-stain'd soul of rest.

Their sons to manhood ne'er shall rise,  
Their youth's soft blossoms shall decay,  
And these fair fields of guilt they prize,  
To other hands shall pass away.

BRIDGET.

#### ANALYSIS OF 1809.

Continued from our last.

ONCE more, sweet Imps, I come to make my bow,  
With meet complacency, inquiring how  
You all have been since last I took my leave;  
And that you now will kindly condescend  
Truly and faithfully (as to a friend)  
Each particle of news to impart, I humbly crave.

Tell how the half-starv'd Irish peasant writhes  
Under the lash of proctor-gather'd tythes;  
How, ministerial apathy denies  
Redress, though sought for by a nation's cries!

Tell, how the *cartier-bartering, borough lord*!  
To drive the Union,—pledg'd—then broke—his word:  
Yet, out of every strape comes off so nice—  
"Sir, *vice*, when omnipresent—is not *vice*!"  
"Plund'ring the State, to gain a little pelf,  
"Can be no crime—there's Melville and myself—  
"Myriads beside—as all the people know;  
"Then, who, unto my *blanket* dares say *ho*?  
"Get into office straight, and cheat your fill,  
"And when you're blam'd—quote me and Beauchamp  
"Hill!"

"Stop, stop!" (the Imps I know will now exclaim)  
"Is *Castleknock* still to be your theme?"  
"Some virtues surely you'll allow the lad."  
*Assertion and denial* (don't be pert)  
Join'd with a cold, malignant, callous heart,  
Are all the virtues that he ever had!

"Lord, sir, you really have a curious taste;  
"Sure you'll allow that he is *marvellous chaste*?  
"That *Conning—Perceval* \* \* \* and he  
"Are famous for suppressing *Papery*!  
"Which, in their presence, dare not even sigh;  
"While *Orthodoxy—Revenue—Church and State*,  
"Are wisely guarded from the danger great,  
"That *they* in *Toleration* can copy.

*Allons mes enfants*—answer me again—  
Three victories by Sir *Arthur*—gain'd in *Spain*?  
The *original*—where did his lordship get?  
"The *original*, sweet sir, what need of that?"